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05x08 - Honest to Yourself

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05x08 - Honest to Yourself

by **bunniefuu**

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Six down.

Very impressive.

Six as well.

It's a modest effort.

This can be verified?

I have signed affidavits.

How about you?

The same.

So, it appears we're neck and neck.

d*ck and d*ck.

Equal.

Even, Brandon.

But never, never equal.

Oh, but not for long.

My number seven just walked in.

What do you know? So did mine.

And my number eight.

I don't believe there are any stipulations regarding more than one at a time.

A couple more feet.

Just... Oh.

Phew!

That was a schlep.

Where's the bathroom?

There isn't one.

I feel like something to drink.

Where's the kitchen?

Sorry. But I have a sink.

And you'll have a bed.

As soon as we... ...drag the rest of it up...

How many is it? flights of stairs?

No, it's only .

Thanks again for the loan.

Yeah, don't worry about returning it.

Are you sure?

I doubt we'll be needing it.

As soon as I decorate...

What do you think of Louis Coutures?

Love it.

..I will have you and Ben over for dinner.

Of course, first you'll need a table.

And chairs.

Is it worth mentioning a stove?

Well, if there's anything else I can do...

You've already done plenty.

Yeah. I'm sure Brian would agree with you.

He blames me for infecting you with all sorts of heretical ideas, like marriage and monogamy and a house and kids.

He wants me burned at the stake.

You had nothing to do with it.

There are things that I've wanted for a long time that I could never have if I'd stayed with him.

I'm just sorry if it ruined your friendship.

Well, he did a fine job of that on his own without any assistance from you.

So...ready for the box spring?

Alright.

Hello? Hello?!

I know you're there.

I can hear your sinus condition.

Don't tell me - another one?

Fifth one this week.

Another what?

Oh...nothing.

Sweetheart, could you put a little more roast beef on there and maybe another tomato?

You know, Carl's a detective.

Maybe you should tell him.

Tell me what?

Well, it's not like a crime has been committed or anything.

It's just someone keeps calling and hanging up.

Probably just a wrong number.

Or a stalker!

Well, he is on TV.

You hear about it all the time.

Some crazed lunatic falls madly in love with a celebrity and wants to marry him... or slice him up.

Stalker?

Stalker?

A stalker. Oh, my God.

What should I do? Hire a bodyguard?

We'll get an alarm system.

With one of those panic buttons that connects directly to the police.

Exactly. I am the police.

You don't need a button.

You two are jumping to conclusions.

If it is a stalker, he's probably harmless.

Hell, he's afraid to even talk to you.

Just keep an eye out. You'll be alright.

And that's your best professional advice?

It is.

Yeah? Well, here's mine.

You get yourself one of those pepper sprays so you can blast the b*stard.

Then you take one of those karate classes so you can kick him right in the f*cking ba*ls.

Here, honey. You have a sandwich.

Here you go.

Thanks.

Check out this listing. Vases on eBay?

Contributors to Proposition have put their money where their hateful mouths are.

It's hard to believe there are that many people who donate millions of dollars just to prevent us from having

the same rights as they do.

I need to go to the centre.

I promised I'd volunteer.

Don't worry.

I'll pick up Gus at day care.

Hey.

I've come for my little honey bun.

I never thought I'd be taking my kid for a work-out so soon.

Well, Gymbaroo is not exactly Rip Gym. I'll go get her.

Perfect blend of cream and honey.

As usual.

Thank you.

Any time.

You know, if I didn't know any better, I'd say you two are back to normal.

Hmm. Not quite.

It sure looks that way.

Mel and I have decided to have an in-house separation.

A what?

It's what our therapist called it.

We both live in the house.

Mel keeps the second floor and I'm in the studio and the attic.

We share chores and child care, but otherwise, we live totally separate lives.

I...I can't imagine Ben and me having that kind of an arrangement.

It's not as difficult as it sounds, once you get the system up and running.

In fact, I'd say it's working rather well.

Hey. Here's our little Olympic champion.

Yes, you are.

Hello.

Hey. How about grabbing some lunch?

There's a new sushi bar that serves blowfish.

It's either the most delicious thing you've ever tasted or you die.

Well...as tempting as your offer is, I've already ordered in.

ok, then, uh...how about after work, we go out, just the two of us, knock back a few mango martinis.

Of course, just the mango for me.

How much?

How much what?

How much of a raise are you gunning for?

Is that what you think I'm after?

Why else would you be threatening me with blowfish and mango martinis?

I just thought, considering you've lost the love of your life and your best friend and soul mate - the

Yin to your Yang, as it were -

you might want someone to share your pain with.

And you're thinking that someone might be you?

Hey, I'm not the pathetic putz, lowly accountant whose sole purpose in life is to crunch numbers I once was, you know.

I've been to hell and back.

I've lost everything, everyone.

So I think I know what you're going through, even though you're concealing it, as always, with the utmost skill and aplomb.

Thank you, Theodore.

The only pain that I'm suffering right now is from these new Gucci loafers.

I knew I should have gotten a size larger.

Come on, Brian. You can't fool me.

You've got to free yourself of this burden.

Release it. Let it all hang out.

My mother is a frigid b*tch.

My father was an a*usive drunk.

They had a hateful marriage, which is probably why I am unwilling, or unable, to form a long-term, committed relationship of my own.

The fact that I drink like a fish, abuse drugs and have more or less redefined promiscuity...

..doesn't help...much.

As a result, I've lost the two people in my life that mean the most to me.

There...don't you feel better?

No.

But I'm sure you do.

Number nine.

Now, Ted... ..if you'll excuse me... my lunch has arrived.

Good afternoon, Mr Demerez.

Hello, Mr Morgan.

Mr Logan... I'm sorry. Mrs Logan.

My name is Justin.

I'm Corinne.

Melanie. From the Pennsylvania anti-Prop. initiative.

Are you familiar with the proposed legislation?

That's right, sir - the one that keeps gays in their place.

A campaign of hate led by Reverend Fowler and his Family America Coalition.

They want the legislature to rewrite the state constitution limiting the rights of gays and lesbians.

No, sir, I'm not a c*cksucker - I'm a l*sbian!

It's not just about g*y people.

It's about every American having the same rights.

Can we count on you for a donation?

I'll be sure to remember that, as they stuff me into the ovens!

We'll send you a lawn sign.

I'll put a brochure in the mail.

Thanks for your time.

It's been a pleasure talking to you.

Who did they get these lists from?

The n*zi Party?

Been going over their list of supporters, figuring out which businesses to target.

I say boycott the whole f*cking bunch of them.

I second the motion.

Holy sh*t.

Would you look at the names on here?

Some of these are major corporations.

They must be raising millions.

The hate sells. What else is new?

Jesus Christ.

Don't tell me - he's on there too?

Worse - my dad.

Em, don't be such a scaredy-queen.

No-one is stalking you.

Why would anybody stalk you?

Just because you're on the Channel Five news and everyone adores the q*eer guy, and, of course, there is the undeniable fact

that you do have an awesome a*s...

Oh, please! Please, you can have anything you want!

Take my bag! I-I'll give you an autographed picture!

Emmett!

Oh, my God. Drew!

What's up?

Every time I'd get up the nerve to phone you, I'd hang up, afraid somebody might be tapping my line.

You 're the breather?

You should really do something about those sinuses.

I know - it's my allergies.

So, other than the rockweed, how have you been?

Not so good.

You played in the championship.

I was at Woodys and...it just happened to be on, and I just happened to catch your winning touchdown.

And I just happened to read about your wedding to Sierra.

Congratulations.

Thanks.

We're getting a divorce.

That's why I was trying to call you.

I need someone I can talk to, Emmett.

Really talk to.

You see, there was this guy...a fan.

I don't know how it happened, but, uh...

You f*cked him?

Then he threatened to sell these to the tabloids if I wouldn't pay him off.

Wow.

You, uh...wouldn't happen to have another set, would you?

The sonofab*tch had a hidden camera.

He said he wanted grand... so I paid him.

Now he's come back, says he wants more.

When I told Sierra, she left.

I'm sorry, Drew. I really am.

But...what can I do?

I need advice...from someone I can really trust.

I told you the last time what you should do.

And I told you... You're not g*y.

Right.

You know...if it had just been about the sex, I might have believed you, that it was just, you know, messing around.

But I know... ..when you kissed me and...and hugged me, when we fell asleep together... ..it was more than just sportfucking.

And you know it too.

Look, if you can't be honest with me, that's fine.

It doesnt matter.

But at least be honest with yourself.

Yeah, see you.

'Bye.

I'm not a naive person, but talking to some of these people tonight, I nearly lost it.

I wanted to say, "How can you be such a bigoted, ignorant as*h*le

"and still call yourself an American?"

And what did President Bush say?

Sorry if I got a little carried away.

No, don't be sorry.

Passion's a good thing.

Nothing worthwhile ever got accomplished without it.

I couldn't agree more.

See you tomorrow.

Five to eight.

Maybe we could... get some dinner after?

Sure. We could stop by the diner.

I...meant some place nice.

Just the...two of us.

Oh. That k-kind of dinner.

I've been wanting to ask you all week.

Finally worked up the courage.

I'm very flattered, but I've been kind of busy these days, what with the campaign, the baby and starting back to work.

It just doesn't leave me a lot of free time.

Still, a girl's gotta eat.

You're very persuasive.

Uh, hey, I haven't been on the phone all week for nothing.

Ben?

Ben?

I'm in here.

You're smoking in the house without even a window open?

Where's his bed?

I gave it to Justin for his new place.

You gave it to Justin?

He needed it.

And Hunter doesnt?

Hunter's not here.

He will be.

In that case, we'll buy another bed.

Where are you going?

To sell his clothes?

Cut his face out of all the photos?

That's unfair!

I wish he were here too, but he's not! He's gone.

Well, unlike you, I still have a little faith.

Faith, denial - everyone makes their own choices.

Mine is to let him go and get on with my life.

You choose whatever you want.

I f*cked my ninth in the sauna.

Twice.

Witnesses?

Three.

And you?

Knocked off seven and eight.

Very good.

But, alas, not good enough.

I've only got one to go.

Alex Easley.

And he certainly lives up to his last name.

The guy's got a shrine to me in his bedroom.

I saw it when I f*cked him.

However, the task won't be as 'Easley' accomplished as you think.

He leaves for Puerto Vallarta tomorrow for a -week holiday.

So, unless you've got a very long d*ck, by the time he gets back, I'll not only have evened the score...

..I'll have won.

Hmm.

Ah. And there's my number nine now.

Do you realise if this thing passes, it'll take away my rights?

As well as the rights of every other g*y man and woman in this state?

I believe that's the point.

And you don't care that I'll never be able to marry or adopt a child or receive domestic partnership insurance?

It's not just me.

The vast majority of Americans agree that you and the others like you are a disgrace.

You're an abomination in the Lord's eyes.

But it's your choice.

It's not a choice.

Well, don't expect to be rewarded.

We're not asking to be rewarded.

We're asking for what's rightfully ours.

The right to pervert the sanctity of marriage?

To make a mockery of family values?

A helluva lot you know about marriage or family values.

You f*cked around on Mom.

Watch your language!

Oh, forgive me, saying 'f*ck' is far worse than what you did, you lying hypocrite!

For your information, Justin, I didn't break up our home life or destroy your mother's and my marriage - you did.

And you can laugh at that too.

But before you announced to us and the world that you were q*eer and proud of it, we had a family and were doing pretty good.

So if you're looking for someone to blame, don't look at me.

Oh, God, I'd love a jumbo Kielbasa.

Who wouldnt?

But remember what the doctor said - lipo is not a licence to indulge.

The unwanted fat will just come back somewhere else.

Yeah, just my luck I'd grow a second a*s.

Or two -pound earlobes.

Hmm?

Hey.

Fortunately, that won't happen, because I have you to save me.

What would I do without my pillar of strength?

I'm not as strong as you think.

There I was, sitting beside Drew.

God, I wanted him so bad, even after I swore I'd never see him again.

Maybe you were just feeling sorry for him, poor guy.

I told him how he can put a stop to the whole thing.

All he has to do is come out.

Oh, that's all?!

You make it sound so easy.

It was for ME.

It was obvious to everyone from the moment I popped out of my momma that I was the new queen of Hazlehurst.

They almost named me Elizabeth.

You were lucky.

That they named me Emmett?

That it was obvious.

That you never had to go through the hell of hiding it.

The fear of being found out.

Back in college, I was a zap.

Zeta Alpha Pi.

I couldn't believe when I was accepted.

It was one of the hardest houses to pledge, and they wanted me?

Anyway...every Saturday night, I'd go out drinking and trawling for women with my frat buddy, Jack.

Ooh!

Ooh.

One night, we came back, totally smashed.

And in my inebriated state, I confessed to him that I kind of, sort of, totally had this mad, passionate crush on him.

And he said, "Me too!"

And you fell into each other's arms.

He punched me on the nose and told everybody in the house I was a f*g.

After that, I was ceremoniously unzaped.

I never knew, Teddy.

I mean, it was hard enough for me, a mere mortal, to come out.

For a deity like Drew...
What would you like to drink?

Scotch, please.

And for you, sir?

Johnnie Walker.

And, uh...some extra nuts.

Why...Alex?

I win.

And it's three hours earlier.

Ma, I asked for plain paper.

Well, if you want to be boring, that's your problem, but don't inflict it on your poor kitchen.

This way, every time you open a drawer, you get a surprise.

Or a heart attack.

What's this?

Secret stash of Cap'n Crunch.

"Keep your f*cking hands off. Hunter."

Sounds like a Novotny.

Heard from him lately?

Not a f*cking word.

Can you believe that?

That ungrateful little prick.

After all we did for him, to just walk away like that.

Who else would've taken him in, made him part of the family?

Not that I care.

Uh-huh.

He just really done a number on Ben.

We're fighting about everything.

Are you two having sex?

Ma!

sh*t!

I just asked you the question.

Don't wreck the house.

It's already wrecked.

And no, we're not having sex.

That's understandable.

You're grieving - both of you.

Darling.

It's a tough lesson, but one that everybody with children has to learn.

After a point, you have no control over them.

All you can do is hope that you instilled enough strength and common sense for him to survive.

And that he knows you're still here for him in case some day he changes his mind...

He wont.

You and Ben should both get that out of your heads.

Hey, Hunter!

Hunter!

Never mind.

Don't look so disappointed.

I can be Hunter if you like.

Thanks, it's not what I'm looking for.

Then why are you here? Hey!

Whatever he did for you, I can do it better.

I know Hunter.

You do?

Where is he?

Oh, uh...

He left town.

Where did he go?

"Some place warm," is all he said.

He said he hated it here, that he's never coming back.

Thanks.

Hey. As long as you paid, want me to cheer you up?

I've lived here all my life, I never knew that restaurant existed.

Isn't it fabulous?

Oh, those stuffed grape leaves!

And that lamb.

That's Lindsay's favourite.

She marinates it in olive oil and mint and then grills it with some...um...

I've always wanted to go to Greece - Athens, Mykonos.

Not to mention Lesbos.

Imagine - a whole island where every man, woman and child is a l*sbian.

I must have onion breath... from the Greek salad.

Then I must too.

We'll cancel each other out.

It's not just the onions.

I know.

It's...it's been so long since I...

No need to explain. Some other time.

Oh!

I'm...sorry.

The trash comes...tomorrow.

Linz, this is Corinne.

Hey.

Hi.

We...volunteer at the centre together.

I just remembered - I forgot the trash from upstairs.

So I'll just...go up and collect it.

The trash from upstairs.

Peach a la mode.

Oh. No, thanks.

Hmm. Shame to let it melt.

So, are you still getting calls from the breather?

I've a feeling those have stopped for good.

That's a relief.

Actually, I kind of miss him.

Juice, coffee, three egg whites - scrambled.

It's a little late for breakfast.

Not if you've been up all night.

You know, a man your age should take better care of himself.

You could die of a stroke.

I'm counting on you to get to me first.

Uh-huh.

So, where were you? Toolshed?

Slammer? The Pith Hole?

Puerto Vallarta.

Mmm. Must be a new one. Where is it?

Mexico.

You went to...

And back in less than hours.

Well, that was a quickie.

In more ways than one.

I had a pressing piece of business to attend to.

And did you take care of it?

Once at cruising altitude and once while we were making our approach.

Coffee, juice.

Eggs will be ready as soon as the hens finish laying 'em.

You think he's a top?

Some of those hunks, when you get them in bed, turn out to be the biggest bottoms!

I'd do him either way.

And who might that be?

The queen who just got outed.

Excuse me, sir, you might want to read this before you shop at Taylor Electronics.

Do you know that the owner of this store is a hate-mongering bigot who wants to deny honest citizens their rights?

Don't support businesses that don't support all Americans.

Excuse me, folks, but you're trespassing on private property.

They want to deny us a few more liberties?

Ma'am, if you don't leave, we'll be forced to make you leave.

Oh, yeah?

Well, my husband - except I'm not married because my g*y son here can't get married - happens to be Detective Carl Horvath.

Ever heard of him?

Yes, ma'am.

I've heard of you too.

It's no problem, Officer.

Come on, Mom.

Let's move across the street.

We can still make our point without getting into trouble.

Well, we'll just yell twice as loud.

Yeah!

You too, son.

I'm not your son. I'm his.

And I'm not going anywhere.

Whatever issues you have with your father, you should settle them off the street.

I already tried that.

I'm standing in front of your door, Dad, in front of your face.

You can call in your troops, but I'm not going to disappear.

So, what are you going to do? Hmm?!

Come on, Dad, why don't you show us your great family values and have them arrest your son?

Sir?

Go on.

Are you sure you want to do that, sir?

I told you to get him out of here.

You're hereby arrested for unlawfully trespassing on private property.

Anything you say may and will be used against you in a court of law.

You have the right to an attorney.

Meet my number .

I already have.

He was my number...five, I believe.

Anyway, you needn't bother.

I already won.

Well, that's impossible.

The guy's in Puerto Vallarta.

We both had a lovely flight.

Although there was a little turbulence in the toilet.

Game, set and match, sport.

The winner, and still champion, is yours truly.

So, I guess you'll be wanting to collect your trophy?

You bet your a*s.

So you better polish it up.

He said he'd go to the press.

That if I didn't pay him, the tabloids would.

So I told him to go f*ck himself.

I wasn't going to give another cent.

Now the damn paparazzi are surrounding my house.

I can't even go home.

I feel like a fugitive.

A...criminal.

Yeah, that's why I called - to let you know you have a friend.

I've already called my lawyers.

I'm going to file a lawsuit - sue him for $ million.

What about the photographs?

They're real.

I'll deny it.

I'll say they were Photoshopped, the work of a blackmailer.

If they think they can mess with me, they've got another thing coming.

This time they f*cked with the wrong guy!

What about the next time?

There isn't going to be a next time.

Oh...you're planning on giving up sex?

Who said that?

There are plenty of women.

Maybe so, but when's the last time you had sex with a woman that you didn't think about a man?

It's who you are, baby.

You can't fight it.

Sooner or later, there are going to be other guys.

And each time there are, you'll be scared shitless, wondering, "Did he recognise me?

Is he going to blackmail me?

"Is he going to the tabloids?"

I mean, is that how you want to spend the rest of your life?

Thanks for bailing me out.

When I taught you to say please and thank you, I never quite expected to hear it used that way.

You too, Ben.

Any time.

Actually, I take that back.

Let's hope it's the last time.

You can damn well be sure of that.

I'm going to have a few words with your father, starting with, "You sick sonofab*tch!"

I wouldn't waste your breath.

He's not worth it.

I can't believe a father would actually have his own son arrested.

I don't believe you've ever had the displeasure of meeting my ex-husband.

I used to think, in time, he would come around, but now I think that he would rather see me dead than g*y.

Your dad doesn't know how lucky he is to have a son.

I'm going to go and get the car.

Yeah. Thanks, Ben.

I just want you to know that even though your father may no longer consider you his son, you will always be mine.

Thanks.

I'm just sorry I f*cked things up.

f*cked what up?

Dad says it's on account of me that...

..that I'm the one that destroyed your marriage.

Honey, you don't really believe that?

Hmm...

Well, it's not true.

We were having problems long before you told us you're g*y.

So, if he wants to lie to himself and blame you, let him.

Don't you dare blame yourself.

Hmm?

ok.

It was so awful seeing Mel kissing that woman, while I just stood there holding the garbage.

Mmm. I think it's shocking.

Isn't it?

I mean that someone would want to kiss Mel.

Ow! f*ck!

You deserved that.

You want me to rub the boo-boo and make it better?

You leave my boo-boo alone.

Christ!

You can barely turn around in here.

Where else am I supposed to go?

Sleep in the kitchen or on the front porch?

This whole in-house separation is for sh*t.

We need to do it - for financial reasons.

At the expense of your emotional reason?

What's next?

You come in on them f*cking?

Don't say that!

Can't face it?

No, I can't face it.

I guess, when I moved back into this house, I...

..thought, despite what I knew, despite the rules, that...

..somehow Mel and I would...

Get back together.

You d*kes just can't let go, can you?

You just can't get it through your lesbianic brains that you have to stop clinging to your past and move on.

"Move on"?

That's a good one, coming from you.

Carrying on like an oversexed adolescent, that 'f*ck-off' of yours.

Yes, I know all about it.

Everyone knows all about it.

A childish competition between you and this year's young, hot stud.

Not only is it ludicrous, it's humiliating.

Well, I hope you win...

..even though you've already lost something far more valuable.

So don't you tell me about clinging onto my past until you're willing to let go of yours.

Stop right there!

I'm a police officer.

Detective Elaine Bender. Metro.

Hey! hey!

You know, I solve crimes for a living, and I can tell you it doesn't happen in minutes with the help of a partner who looks like a runway model.

That's why there's no 'csi Pittsburgh'.

Sweetheart, would you get that?

The runway model is about to nail the k*ller.

Oh, my God. Drew Boyd.

We met you last year at the game.

I remember.

You were with this loud woman with red hair.

That would be me!

Uh, is...is Emmett here?

Honey, is Emmett here?

Emmett!

Come in, please.

Thank you.

Look, I just want you to know -

I don't care what you do in bed or who you do it with.

You're still one helluva ball player.

You have no idea how sorry I am you had to say that...

..but how glad I am you did.

Deb? Did you call?

Want some?

No, thanks.

Are you sure? There's enough for two.

We each make our own dinner.

Isn't that what we agreed on?

Linz, I am so sorry for that kiss with Corinne - that you had to see it, that we did it right in front of you.

Please, don't give it another thought, really.

In fact, I'm the one who should apologise to you - for intruding.

It's pretty messy, huh?

Yeah, I'll say.

Mmm...I think we should do something about this.

I think we should make it a rule that if we're dating someone...

Are you...dating her?

No. Not really.

I...I don't think so.

But you're seeing her?

Well, I guess. I...I don't know.

Well, anyway, I was saying... I'm sorry.

Forgive me. I interrupted you.

No, no, no. It's ok.

I was just saying that if there's anyone either one of us has an interest in, we should make it a rule we don't

bring that person to the house.

I agree.

Good.

See, we can work these things out.

Thank God.

We're still mature adults with open communication.

Yes. Thank God.

You can have my a*s, but you can't have me.

Defiant even in defeat.

I like that.

Nice place.

Yeah.

So, shall we get this over with?

Allow me to point the way.

Just go slow...and take it easy.

I don't bottom very often.

Well, you'll have to tell me all about it.

Well?

Is it all you dreamt it would be?

And less. But we'll make do.

Aren't you going to collect your prize?

It's not much of a victory, considering my years of experience and expertise.

Your years are numbered.

Eventually I'm going to tear you down and pull you apart.

Put your pants on.

Huh?

I said put your pants on.

Get out.

Whatever you say. You're the winner.

So, are you sure you should be here?

In a g*y guy's room?

Are you taking pictures?

I would never do anything like that.

I know.

What's going on?

Oh, the press.

They followed me here.

Didn't you know they would?

I'm allowed to have friends, aren't I? g*y or straight.

Since when is that a crime?

Hey.

You're preaching to the choir, honey.

Tell them.

Maybe I will.

I thought you were going to fight it.

Maybe I can't fight it.

What you said about me having feelings for you...

..it's true.

There might be a part of me that...

No, there is a part of me...

..that wants to kiss you...

..to hold you.

I guess that makes me...

You have to say it.

..g*y.

Touchdown.

Reverend Fowler, the driving force behind Proposition , said today he would do everything in his and Gods power to stop h*m*

from destroying our country.

Bolstered by a major ad campaign, Fowler has mobilised a significant support base in the state.

Ben?

What is it?

Come and look at this.

Not much of a correspondent, is he?

He said what we needed to hear.

And he signed it 'love'.

Look who's back.

I see.

I thought you had him banned.

I did.

I'll have him thrown out.

Don't.

You can lock the doors and bar the windows, but...eventually bound to get in.

What is?

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